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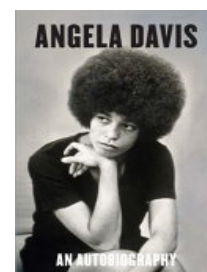
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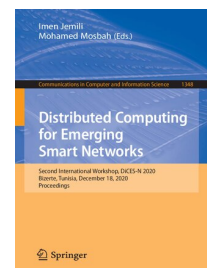
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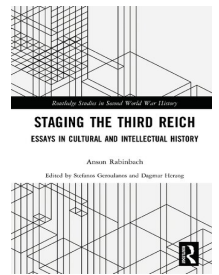
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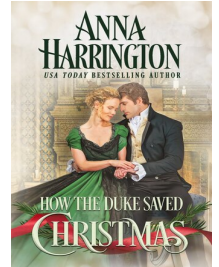
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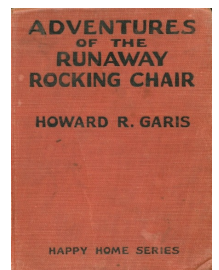
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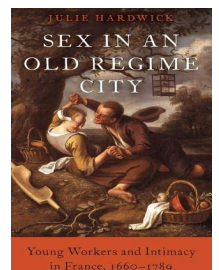
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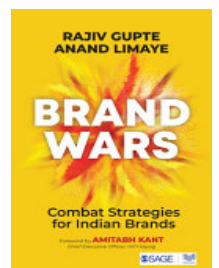
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CHAPTER 1

ZARA RIDDLE

WISTERIA PUBLIC LIBRARY

MONDAY MORNING

I set my second birthday cake next to the coffee maker in the staff room.

I'd been the first to arrive at work that Monday morning, and the building was comfortably quiet around me. I loved the library at all times, but especially in the morning, before we opened.

I heard keys jingling on the other side of the back door, which opened directly into the break room, then the door creaked open. My coworker, Frank Wonder, walked in slowly, his head down. The children's librarian was in his mid-fifties, and extremely fit, with wiry arms, a svelte torso, and skinny legs. Frank dressed to be noticed, often in vintage cords and paisley shirts. His skin was naturally pale, but he tanned outdoors during the summer, often on the beach in a Speedo.

Frank's eyes were wide-set, small, and hooded. His face had a triangular shape due to his narrow, slightly crooked jaw. He had an odd way of talking out of the side of his mouth, but this was a trait most people didn't notice because they were usually staring up at his hair, which he dyed bright pink.

"Good morning, Mr. Wonderful," I called out, using one of his many nicknames.

He gasped and stepped backward, bumping against the closed door. "Zara! I didn't see you hiding over there in the gloom."

I glanced up at the bright lights overhead. What gloom? I looked at Frank more closely. He was typically slow-moving upon arrival, before he got his fix of coffee, but that Monday he was moving less like a former Olympic gymnast and more like a sea turtle. I noticed his hooded eyes were downright wrinkly. He actually looked his age, which was not typical for Frank.

"I brought cake," I said, using a cheerful tone even though "I brought cake" was not a statement in need of embellishment.

He blinked at me a couple times before smiling and saying, "Bless your heart, Zara Riddle. You are a fine woman." His fake Southern accent that he used when he was joking around was back, so he couldn't have been that bothered.

"It's Black Forest cake," I said. "From Gingerbread House. My daughter arranged everything with Chloe, and she customized two cakes, just for me."

Frank dawdled over to the cake and sniffed deeply. "What's that aroma? It's not kirsch."

"It's not kirsch," I agreed. "Chloe made it with orange liqueur, since my enthusiasm for cherry desserts hasn't been as strong lately." Not since the cherry cheesecake at my early birthday party down in the DWM cafeteria. And the subsequent battle to the death.

"Orange liqueur is nice, too," he said. "But can you still call it Black Forest cake without the kirsch?"

"I don't see any pastry police around to stop us."

Frank rubbed his hands. "We should probably wait until coffee break to dig in." He opened the cupboard that held the plates. He

had no intention of waiting until coffee break.

"It's a pretty big cake," I said. "We could always have some now, and still have plenty left for later."

"If you insist." Frank's sleepy eyes brightened.

"Just a sliver for me."

"I'll cut you a piece so thin you can see through it." He plated two pieces and handed me a serving, along with a fork.

"Oh, Frank. Do I need to buy you a ruler? This is *hardly* what I would call see-through."

"Oh? I can see through mine. Your eyes must be going, due to your advanced age." He washed down a mouthful of cake with a slurp of coffee, swished his tongue over the front of his teeth, and gave me a small but bright grin. Frank's teeth were supernaturally white, in defiance of all the coffee he consumed. "Happy birthday, by the way."

"Thanks," I said. "And thank you for not making me cram thirty-three candles onto this innocent cake. It's a real fire hazard after a certain age."

"Wait until you get to be my age, and you need a special candle permit from City Hall," he said. We both chuckled, then he asked, "How did your family party go yesterday? I heard some sirens. It must have been the fire department on their way to put out the flames."

"Ha ha." I dug into my slice, careful to take the perfect ratio of chocolate cake and creamy white filling. "No fire, but there were a few drops of blood shed."

Frank grunted and nodded, as though he wasn't listening. I expected him to ask whose blood had been shed, being the gossip hound he was, but he didn't.

"What's going on with you?" I asked. "You seem distracted."

Frank sighed. "My sister is coming to visit."

That explained his distraction. Frank had only one sister, so I knew exactly who he was talking about. Bellatrix Wonder. She sounded like a colorful woman, but then again, Frank did like to embellish stories.

"All the way from London?"

He nodded.

"I'd love to meet her," I said. "Does she know about your big surprise?"

"You mean this one?" Frank set down his plate, winked at me, and shifted into flamingo form.

"Show-off," I said, waving my finger at him while also taking a step back. Sometimes when Frank shifted, he reeked of anchovies, whether he'd eaten them recently or not. It was not his most endearing feature.

Frank-Flamingo let out a loud squawk. Some shifters could speak in human voices while in animal form, but Frank didn't have that ability.

He pecked at the cake on his plate with his comically large beak.

Just then, there was the sound of the back door being unlocked. Uh-oh.

Frank-Flamingo squawked, "KA-KAAAAAA?" The stench of partially digested anchovies hung in the air.

"Yes, it's probably Kathy," I said, trying not to choke on Frank's breath.

The head librarian wasn't scheduled to start her shift until later in the day, yet she was about to walk in and find me sharing not-quite-Black-Forest cake with a giant pink bird that reeked of anchovies.

I waved a hand to direct my magic, and pushed the door shut before Kathy could see us.

"Change back," I whisper-yelled at Frank. "Change back right now, you silly birdbrain."

Frank-Flamingo let out a low squawk, sounding like a kazoo.

"I know, I know," I said soothingly. "You can't shift back when you're nervous." I waited, tapping my foot, keeping the magic pressure on the door.

Frank-Flamingo flapped his enormous wings and flew upward. He landed on the break-room table, his claws scratching for purchase. He knocked an acoustic ceiling tile off its metal grid with the top of his head. The ceiling tile landed on the table next to him, which caused even more panicked wing flapping. He was supposed to have his full human faculties in shifted form, but he sure didn't act like it.

On the other side of the back door, Kathy demanded, "Whoooo is pushing on this door?"

"Nobody is!" I called out. "I think the hinges are stiff!"

She asked, "Should I come around to the front?" Then she immediately answered her own question. "No. I am *not* coming in through the front. I've been at this long enough to know better."

We all knew better. Before the library was open for the day, a librarian couldn't be seen entering. To be spotted would lead to the

front door being banged on, and a member of the public demanding to be let in at once, citing facts about whose taxes pay for whose salaries. We librarians loved the public and adored serving them, but not before coffee.

The door rattled with force. Kathy was stronger than she looked. .

I ran over to the door, braced it shut with my body, and tried to calculate a way to solve the current dilemma. What came to mind first were two spells that would only make things worse, but then finally I remembered the calming spell my aunt had used on me a few times.

I cast the spell at the pink bird. "Be calm," I said. To my witch ears, the spell made a sound halfway between a whistle and a hum. The spell worked better if you were holding the person's hand. However, in his current state, my coworker didn't even have hands.

Frank-Flamingo undulated his long neck into a complex curve. He folded his wings against his sides. He seemed less agitated, yet not calm enough to shift back to human form.

I was hit with a sense of déjà vu.

The same thing had happened to us once before, in that break room.

That time, I hadn't been as familiar with shifter magic, so I'd called the local secret agency to help. Three DWM agents had come to our rescue. Two of the agents were bird shifters. They took Frank on his first flight, and had since become his friends.

"Should I call Rob and Knox?" I asked.

Frank let out a long kazoo sound, then the room crackled with energy and he finally melted down into human form. He sat cross-

legged on top of the table. His clothes were the same ones he'd arrived in, except his figure-hugging paisley shirt was on inside out.

"No need to call the guys," Frank said, uncrossing his legs and jumping down from the table. "And please don't breathe a word to them about what happened. It's so embarrassing." He waved at the door. "You can let her in now."

"Your shirt's inside out."

Frank looked down and muttered, "What's that all about?" He unbuttoned the shirt and put it back on correctly.

"Magic has a mind of its own," I said.

"She certainly does," he agreed.

While he retucked his shirt, I released the door for Kathy.

The door flew open, and the head librarian appeared in the doorway like the physical embodiment of an accusation.

Kathy Carmichael was short and sturdy, with dark skin, and brown hair that coiled in ringlets. She always dressed in shades of brown, gold, and red, like autumn leaves. She'd been the head librarian since long before I had started working there, and was forty-four, midway between my age and Frank's. That Monday, her round, dark face was shiny from exertion and her light brown eyes were active, flitting left and right, and up and down behind her gold, wire-rimmed glasses.

"Sorry about the door, boss," I said. "I'll put in a call to maintenance."

"I smell seafood," Kathy said, her tone accusatory as she remained steadfast in the doorway. Her back was to the sunny outdoors and her face was in shadow. She looked a little scary to me, which was

saying a lot, because I'd seen many scary things, several of which tried to kill or eat me.

Frank and I exchanged a look, then Frank said, "Zara brought cake."

"I did bring cake," I said, smiling like a ding-dong.

"You two must take me for an idiot," Kathy spat out.

Frank and I exchanged another look. His eyebrows climbed so high, his eyelids pulled straight and his eyes were no longer hooded.

What was going on? Kathy had her foul moods, but they were usually directed at the nameless miscreants who dropped "surprises" into the overnight book return.

The head librarian stepped into the break room, moving like a simmering cauldron, and let the door slam shut behind her.

"Honestly," she said, in the irritated tone of someone who did *not* want to hear an explanation just yet. I'd never seen her so blustery.

Frank's wide eyes widened even more as he spotted something on the floor. A trio of pink feathers.

"Honestly," Kathy repeated. "Whooo could possibly tolerate being lied to, day in and day out, by her subordinates?" She blinked furiously behind her round glasses.

"It was me," Frank said. He took a big step forward, placing his foot on top of the three feathers.

"It *was* Frank," I agreed, hoping he had something good in mind.

"I was playing one of my classic pranks," he said. "That's why they call me Franker the Pranker."

I shot him a look. Nobody called him that. Mr. Wonderful, yes. The Frankinator, yes. Even Pinkie. But nobody called him Franker the Pranker because, despite being true, it just wasn't catchy.

"This ends right now," Kathy blustered.

In unison, Frank and I asked, "What?"

"I'm tired of you two going silent whenever I walk into the break room," Kathy said. "Or worse. Changing the topic to some boring thing I know neither of you are interested in. I'm not an idiot."

"Fair enough," I said, nodding. "We will stop all the pranks. No more plastic spiders or fake book requests."

"That's not what I meant," Kathy said.

In unison again, Frank and I said, "It's not?"

Kathy shot us a dirty look that was so powerful, it actually forced her glasses to slide down her narrow, pointed nose. She grabbed the glasses mid-air without looking at them.

"This calls for a demonstration," Kathy said, her tone acidic.

Frank and I started to ask what she meant, but we stopped when we saw what happened next.

Kathy tilted her head back, let her jaw drop open, and released a snake from her mouth.

Or at least that was how it looked.

The snake was not a snake at all. It appeared to be her *tongue*.

Kathy Carmichael, the head librarian, had a very long, prehensile tongue. The tongue snaked toward us, then lashed its way around my birthday cake, like a long bullwhip. Kathy's mouth opened to an

impossible size, then the tongue snapped like a whip. Into her mouth went an entire cake, minus two slivers, neat as can be. She didn't drop a single chocolate curl.

Frank and I stared at Kathy in stunned silence.

"Now you know my secret," Kathy said, sounding less blustery and more like the regular Kathy. "I'm not going to insult your intelligence by pretending I don't know about both of yours." She put her glasses back on and peered at me. "Zara, you are a witch, just like your aunt."

I said nothing. It would break witch code to confirming someone else's powers as a package deal with mine. I wasn't the best at the supernatural rules for discretion, but I was trying.

Kathy walked over to where Frank stood, crouched down, and plucked one of the pink feathers from under his shoe. "And I believe this belongs to you, Mr. Wonder." She straightened up and waved the feather under his nose. "Or should I call you Mr. Flamingo?"

Frank said nothing while keeping a poker face. But then he sneezed from the feather tickling, and his grin gave him away.

"You got me," he said to the head librarian. "How long have you known?"

"My family has known your family for a long time," she said, which didn't answer his question, but seemed to satisfy him anyway.

"That's quite the tongue," I said. "What sort of shifter are you, if you don't mind my asking? An anteater?"

"Ew," she said. "I'm not a shifter. I'm a sprite."

A sprite? That was not a word I'd expected to hear. I put my hands on my hips. "A sprite?" She had to be messing with us. "Are

you sure you're not something else?"

"Such as?" She put her hands on her own hips, mirroring me.

I had to ask. "Such as... an owl shifter?"

"No." Her face scrunched up in confusion. "Why would you think that?"

"Maybe because of all the hints you've been dropping since the day I started working here? Owl shifter was my best guess."

"That was your *best* guess?" She smiled now, her irritation over being locked outside apparently forgotten. "You witches and your *feelings*. Your type puts far more stock in your hunches and whims than you do in cold, hard facts."

"My type?" I didn't know if I was supposed to be offended, but I was.

We stared at each other.

This was why we hadn't exchanged our supernatural identities before now. There were so many politics involved. Even though we were all interconnected and shared common issues, some supernaturals fixated on the differences between kinds instead of the similarities. Or they took on the prejudices of their ancestors.

Our silent standoff was broken by a strange gurgling sound that filled the room. It sounded as unappealing as Frank's anchovy breath smelled. It sounded like trouble coming our way. I glanced over at the break room's sink.

"Was that the sink?" Frank asked.

"I hope the plumbing isn't backing up," I said.

"Oh, dear," Kathy said, patting her midsection. "That sound was me, I'm afraid."

"Wow," Frank said. "How many stomachs do you have in there?"

Kathy's dark cheeks turned a deeper shade as she blushed. "Never mind about my insides."

Frank caught my eye and made a face. I looked away quickly, before he could give me the giggles.

Kathy kept patting her midsection. The gurgling decreased to a milder sound that was almost relaxing, like a water fountain.

"Oh, fluffernuts. I shouldn't have eaten that whole cake," Kathy said. "Now we've got a big problem on our hands."

"We do?" Frank took a step back, as though the head librarian might explode.

"We do?" I echoed.

"A huge problem." Kathy held her fist to her mouth and let out a burp. "The cake's all gone. What are we going to have at coffee break?"

CHAPTER 2

DINNER TIME

"A sprite?" My sixteen-year-old daughter, Zolanda Daizy Cazzaundra Riddle, also known as Zoey, wrinkled her lightly freckled nose at me. "If a person has a freakishly long, prehensile tongue, that would lead me to believe that person is a troll."

"It does sound exactly like the troll descriptions in the magic books, but Kathy Carmichael informed me that there's *no such thing* as trolls, therefore Kathy Carmichael, with her freakishly long, prehensile tongue, is actually a *sprite*."

Zoey squinted and slowly nodded. "I think I see where this is going. She's a troll, but she doesn't want to be called a troll."

"Nobody wants to be called a troll."

"But that doesn't change the fact she is a troll."

"But is she? Really? If nobody calls them trolls anymore, are they still trolls?"

Zoey frowned. "I don't know."

"Wow. Now there's a phrase I don't often hear coming out of your adorable lips." I turned to address the fluffy white cat who was weaving around my ankles in a figure-eight pattern. "Did you hear that, Boa? I've stumped my genius daughter with a philosophical question."

"It's more of a linguistics question," my clever teenager said, correcting me. "Or a crossover between philosophy and linguistics," she further corrected herself.

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CHAPTER VIII

DANIEL OF GALITCH

Mystislav returned to Novgorod in triumph, but the mad rage of factions had not become weaker in the interval, and he was forced to take strong measures. Many boyars were banished, and many were imprisoned. Mitrophan, the archbishop famed for justice, who had received his office not against the will of Novgorod, but who was a friend of Big Nest, was not acceptable to Mystislav's adherents. He was exiled to Toropet; more than that, he was imprisoned.

During Mystislav's absence and after his return, Vladimir partisans were not idle. Mystislav learned that he could not rely on support in Novgorod. He learned also that there was even a movement to expel him. He was not the man to let any one show him the road, hence he called the assembly on a sudden, and took farewell of it. "I have work to do in Russia," said he; "and ye are free as to princes." All were astounded on hearing this, but Mystislav, while "standing on one foot in Novgorod, had the other in Galitch," whither Leshko had called him most earnestly. Leshko had been summoned more than once to the throne in Cracow. After the crowning of Koloman, the small boy, and Salomeya, the little maiden, their fathers endured not long in friendship. What the king had given Leshko in Galitch, he withdrew very quickly. That happened which happens generally with guardians who have squandered property confided to them. The heirs demanded account touching management.

Roman's sons were growing rapidly. Vassilko had reached an age when he could sit on a horse, and take part in campaigning, while Daniel was nearing strong manhood, and gave promise of having the powers that would make him as great as his father. He complained loudly of Leshko, the guardian who was keeping [186]possession of

his towns on the Būg, and his inheritance beyond it. It was at this time that King Andrei took from Leshko what he had given him in Galitch. Seeing no profit in the fact that his daughter was queen in "Galicia," Leshko looked on Hungarians with envy, since they treated Galitch as if it belonged to them, and he could not conceal his vexation on this point. He saw that of Russian princes there was only one who had genius in fighting; that one was Mystislav the Gallant, hence he invited that prince to assist him.

Mystislav, through relationship with Ingvar, was a natural ally of that branch, and not of the heirs of Roman. His preference for Ingvar was shown by offering him the Kief throne. When Mystislav drove Chermny from Kief and asked Ingvar to that capital, it seems that Leshko sent him letters, and when the victor went back to Novgorod Leshko sent envoys who offered him Galitch. When Sudislav, the boyar who favored Hungarians, heard of Mystislav's coming, he preferred Daniel, and sent to him promising assistance. But Mystislav was too quick for this movement. As he approached Galitch, the Hungarians withdrew, and with them went Sudislav. Mystislav entered the capital without opposition, but, with all his good-will for Bailski, he was glad now to see Daniel, who joined him. Instead of ill-will there was friendship between the two princes, and Mystislav gave Anna, his daughter, to Daniel in marriage. Daniel, who was of the oldest line among Monomach's descendants, was connected now with the Smolensk branch of this line, and with the younger line also, since Mystislav's eldest daughter had married Yaroslav, son of Big Nest.

To all friends of Galitch Daniel's marriage seemed of good omen, but to ill-wishers and enemies it was hateful. Daniel grew more and more hostile to Leshko, and more and more stubbornly demanded the return of the Brest lands. He complained to Mystislav of his enemy in the guise of a guardian. "Leshko," said he, "has taken

many towns of mine, and holds a good part of my inheritance. Assist me." "My son," replied Mystislav, "I cannot make war on him now, for he has shown friendship, but thou canst find other allies."

Daniel acted. He won back many towns, and warred against Leshko successfully. Leshko doubted not that this winning was effected through Mystislav's counsel, and in view of this he changed [187]his plans quickly. The Poles and Hungarians, from being enemies, suddenly became friends. Leshko sent a message to Hungary that he yielded Galitch gladly to Koloman, his son-in-law. With that Andrei immediately allied himself with Leshko, and declared war against Mystislav and Daniel. Leshko led in a strong army. A still greater force came from Hungary. Mystislav wished to attack in the rear, hence he moved toward Zbruch, and ordered his son-in-law to defend Galitch. He summoned Bailski, also, and commanded both allies to retire into Galitch and defend it. But Bailski left this difficult task to Daniel, who had to bear the whole brunt of the attack of Hungarian and Polish forces. He yielded no whit, however, and defended the city successfully.

The allies now raised the siege and turned all their strength against Mystislav, who was acting in their rear. Mystislav spared his scant forces, and, while withdrawing, commanded Daniel to march out of Galitch and join him. It was easy to give this command, but far from easy to obey it. Mystislav himself, by deft action, slipped away without loss, marching quickly to Kamenyets and thence to the Ros River.

Daniel found himself now in a perilous position. The allies with united strength, rushed at his army. It was difficult to withdraw from Galitch, and extremely difficult to retreat along the whole course of the Dniester, repelling the ceaseless attacks of keen enemies who disputed each step that his men made. These enemies were much

encouraged by Mystislav's withdrawal. Their forces were vastly greater, and Daniel's men lacked provisions. Night and day marches, cold and hunger, fighting on horseback, riding without food and sleep for nights and days in succession; all this the young warrior had to live through in that murderous retreat down the Dniester. The glory of this march was shared by his father's chief boyars, who were with him. Even they were astonished by the valor of their leader, still a stripling. They saw with wonder how he fought entire days without dismounting, how he rushed in pursuit of the enemy, who only saved themselves through the swiftness of their horses.

Daniel's men suffered greatly from lack of food. It happened that on the festival of Saint Dmitri, when tortured with hunger, they saw on a sudden a long line of wagons hastening forward to market. They seized the wagons, ate abundantly, and thanked the [188]Holy Martyr for feeding them. When at last they reached that point in the Dniester where they had to cross, and found no bridge or ford, they despaired of escape; but all at once they saw many merchant boats sailing toward them from the Oleshya. On those boats all of Daniel's men were conveyed to the opposite bank of the river, and given provisions.

When Daniel brought his weary troops to Podolia, Mystislav marveled at this deed of great skill and endurance. He showed every favor to the young hero, gave him his favorite, his very best horse, as a present. "Go now to Vladimir, the capital of thy Volynia," said he, "and we will avenge this insult most surely." And he gave assurance that he would go to the steppes and return with Polovtsi forces. From his youth, steppe life in tents had been pleasing to Mystislav. In those early days he found a wife among Polovtsi maidens.

Daniel, awaiting the time of fresh action, returned to his capital, but Mystislav did not go directly to the Polovtsi. He appeared soon after in Novgorod. During his absence many changes had taken place. The prince sent from Vladimir by Yuri had been replaced by one sent from Kiev by Mystislav, son of the Smolensk prince, Roman. Neither man pleased "Lord Novgorod." The first, alarmed at disorders, hastened home to his father; the second found still greater trouble. Bloody battles took place on the streets, and again a posadnik was murdered.

Novgorod turned to Yuri a second time. "If thy son will not stay with us, send Yaroslav, thy brother," said they. Yaroslav seemed indeed just the prince needed in Novgorod, and the friends of Mystislav the Gallant might think to find in him the prince for whom they had been seeking a long time, for was he not intimate with Mystislav, being married to his eldest daughter? Partisans also saw in him the best of his family.

But when Yaroslav came to Novgorod an outburst so tremendous was taking place in the city, that no man had ever seen its like before. The passions of the people and the wild rage of parties had never been so violent. It turned out, too, that Yaroslav himself was of those called "young, but early." Men were mistaken when they thought to find in him a son-in-law who would agree with Mystislav. He was a genuine Vladimir prince, hence in no way inclined to preserve the famed liberties of Novgorod. [189]He had one thought alone: to acquire additions for Vladimir. Mystislav's adherents immediately conceived a deep hatred for Yaroslav, the most irascible among all the sons of Big Nest. So acute was their feeling that, while warming his palace, he was threatened with banishment. To make up for this hatred, his adherents "raised their heads and stood up for the prince like a mountain." They advised him to go to Torjok and rule from there, holding Novgorod with all firmness.

Yaroslav went to Torjok, and then chose his own method. When a message was sent to him saying: "Come thou to Novgorod," he seized the envoys and conveyed them to Pereyaslaavl Beyond the Forest, imprisoning them on an island. Novgorod now rose as one man against Yaroslav. Meanwhile, he sat in Torjok very quietly, laughed at the city, and gave command to seize Novgorod merchants and their wares on all roads in Vladimir. A multitude of Novgorod men were arrested and imprisoned. To add to the misfortunes of the city, the harvest that year was a failure in Novgorod regions. Yaroslav did not let one load of wheat reach the city. From these severe measures, there was such hunger that parents sold their children for bread, and unclean things were eaten. People died on the streets, and their dead bodies lay on the roads, where hungry dogs devoured them.

Novgorod sent envoys to Yaroslav, begging him to return to the city, but he gave no answer, and arrested the envoys. Novgorod sent a third time. "Come to thy place; come to Holy Sophia. If thou wilt not come, declare thy intention," begged they. Yaroslav, as usual, detained the envoys. The men in confinement at this time numbered two thousand. There was "wailing and great sorrow in Novgorod."

All at once, in the midst of these terrors, Mystislav the Gallant appeared in the city. No man there knew whence he came. Yaroslav, who learned of his coming, sent a detachment to arrest him, but this detachment surrendered to Mystislav. The first thing the gallant prince did was to seize all known partisans of Yaroslav, and put them in irons. Then, summoning the assembly and kissing the cross before the whole people, he said to them: "Either the men and the lands of Great Novgorod will be freed, or I will lay down my life for the city." "In life or in death we are with thee!" called out the citizens in answer. [190]

Mystislav's first move was to send a peaceful embassy to negotiate with Yaroslav. He selected a priest, the most famed and beloved in the city, as a sign that negotiations were to be carried on, not with threats, but with love, and conscientiously. He gave command to bow down to his son-in-law, saying: "My son, free the Novgorod merchants and men. Treat with me kindly. Leave Torjok for thy own place."

Yaroslav dismissed the priest without discussion. Not only did he not free the prisoners, but those whom he held in Torjok he put in chains, and sent to Pereyaslavl Beyond the Forest. Their property and goods he distributed among his attendants. The moment that news of this came to Novgorod, Mystislav commanded to sound the bell of the assembly. The whole city came to him. "Let us go, brothers!" said he. "Let us rescue our lands. Let us liberate our own people!"

The war from the very beginning assumed an unusual character. The citizens of Novgorod had a single mind this time, and the prince was at one with the people. To take vengeance for injustice was their war-cry. Mystislav was not simply enraged against his son-in-law; he hated in him that inborn pride of the Vladimir princes. Knowing well that this unendurable haughtiness rested really on power, knowing well that they had a great multitude of people behind them, and a very large army, the strong warrior looked forward, not to a brilliant victory in this unequal conflict, but rather to the crown of a martyr, and prepared for the struggle with fear, but also with fortitude. He summoned from Pskoff that brother of his whom Mystislav the Brave on his death-bed had committed to Yuri Zaharitch, the boyar. This brother, Vladimir, called to join him his cousin Vladimir, son of Rurik, he who had taken the throne of Smolensk, when Mystislav, son of Roman of Smolensk, went to rule Kief, the old capital.

Mystislav the Gallant worked untiringly. Novgorod assembled all possible warriors, but in number they were insufficient. Mystislav doubted not that Yaroslav and Yuri, Grand Prince of Vladimir, would act as one man, but he counted on Constantine, who in his eyes seemed another victim of Vladimir's self-will and insolence. To Constantine, and not to Yuri, belonged the throne of Vladimir, by right of birth. To deprive a son of his God-given inheritance was a sin in Mystislav's eyes, and he thought that when he entered [191]the Vladimir principality, proclaiming to Yaroslav and Yuri that he was there to reinstate their eldest brother, Constantine would assist him. To instate the senior son seemed to Mystislav just and proper.

Constantine enjoyed general respect; he was mild, and not haughty. To punish Yaroslav for his cruelty to Novgorod was identified in Mystislav's mind with reestablishing the old order, violated by the whim of Big Nest. The only fault found with the son, as Mystislav thought, was that he liked not innovations established by Andrei Bogolyubski—Constantine defended the ancient order. Hatred for Andrei was inherited by Mystislav, and he looked on Big Nest as he looked on Andrei.

When the gallant prince approached Torjok, Yaroslav withdrew, and his Novgorod friends in that place followed promptly. Vladimir partisans came to strengthen Yaroslav, who hurried now to join Yuri, and the brothers marched to meet the invader.

Mystislav's campaign was swift and decisive beyond parallel. Begun the moment Yaroslav rejected peaceful offers with insult, the season was most inconvenient, just when roads were breaking up at Easter, which that year fell on April 10 Old Style. Still the campaign was ended before the roads had dried thoroughly.

On Tuesday, March 1, Mystislav moved out of Novgorod. He permitted his warriors to seize food, but forbade them most sternly

to harm the inhabitants. He found Torjok abandoned. Fearing lest Constantine might join his brothers and attack in the rear, he was greatly relieved when that prince sent his vanguard as aid, and also the news that he was coming in person. Mystislav now moved forward rapidly to the depths of Vladimir. He marched through the enemy's country, taking not only food and forage, but booty of all kinds. As they advanced, his men burned everything before them, and seized many captives. The Pskoff prince now met Constantine, "their third friend," as Mystislav called him. He arrived on Holy Saturday. Constantine himself led the troops, and there was immense joy at his coming. The allies passed Easter together, and then pressed forward in Holy Week. The roads were so bad, and Mystislav was hastening on so eagerly, that he was obliged to leave his wagons behind.

On the Sunday after Easter, they beheld Pereyaslavl Beyond the Forest, Yaroslav's capital, but they learned that the prince [192] had gone, taking all his men with him. Yuri, determined not to let any enemy come near his capital, marched out to join Yaroslav, and met him near Yurieff, on the famed banks of the Koloksha, where a battle had been fought in the days of Yuri Dolgoruki. The place was better known, however, through two other battles, one fought somewhat more than a hundred years earlier, in Monomach's day, when the first Mystislav, great-grandfather of Mystislav the Gallant, leading Novgorod regiments, crushed Oleg's forces, and drove him to Ryazan. On this same field, fifty years later, Big Nest inflicted a dreadful defeat on the descendants of those same Ryazan men, and settled the fate of their prince.

Yuri and Yaroslav fixed their camp on that field, renowned through the deeds of their ancestors. They had not the least doubt of their own triumph and the inevitable ruin of their enemies, all the more as preponderance in numbers was immensely on their side. Yuri's

brothers were all under the banner of their Grand Prince, except Constantine. The forces of Murom had come, there were many Novgorod citizens, and all the Torjok men. The main force, however, was from the countless villages and towns of the Vladimir principality, excepting that part held by Constantine. In the number of its towns and in its military structure, Vladimir surpassed every other division of Russia. Besides local forces, or *militia*, there were irregulars, introduced by Yuri Dolgoruki. The nucleus of this force had been formed from steppe tribes, though much of its character had been changed by the gradual addition of local people. It had grown to large dimensions, and resembled greatly the later time Cossack force.

When Mystislav began the campaign and took Zubtsoff, he sent to Yaroslav, saying that he did not like to make war on Vladimir, that peace would be better. "I do not want peace," replied Yuri; "to your one man we have a hundred." "Thou hast power, but we have the cross," answered Mystislav. A month had not passed after that, when the opponents stood face to face, waiting for battle. The battle came April 21, 1216, and from the place on the Lipetsk held by Constantine it was called the "Lipetsk battle," and the victory which was won there was called by a name used only once in Russian chronicles,—"The monstrous victory."

The Smolensk regiments of Vladimir, son of Rurik, and those led from Pskoff by Vladimir, as well as those brought by Constantine, [193]were all given to Mystislav. He, with his Novgorod men and his personal following, formed the soul of the action. He was chosen with one voice to lead the warriors. In his name negotiations were conducted. He sent to say to Yuri: "We bow to thee, brother. From thee there is no offense, and has not been at any time; the offense is from Yaroslav." Yuri answered:

"Yaroslav and I are one. Ye have come to us; we shall see how ye leave us." Mystislav now gave command to say to Yaroslav: "Free thou our Novgorod men, and withdraw from Torjok. Make peace with us, and let no blood be shed." "The men whom I took," answered Yaroslav, "I shall retain. The army has seized all their property; where could I find it at this day?" Then the allies met in council, and again sent proposals of peace to Yuri and Yaroslav, with the statement that this message was final: "Brothers, we have come not to spill blood, not for conflict, not for ruin, not to take your rightful possessions. God forbid. We are all of one stock and race. We have come to arrange matters in accord with God's truth, and Russian justice. Give your eldest brother seniority. Seat him in Vladimir, and the Suzdal lands may belong to you." Yuri sent answer: "Though our father could not make terms with Constantine, ye think to make him agree with us! Go to the places whence ye came. We do not wish peace with you; we do not need it." Both brothers commanded to say specially to Constantine, that they considered all discussion ended, and were ready for battle.

Yuri and Yaroslav had such power that they were confident of success, and made a feast in their tents where joy was loud and unbounded. They drank and were gladsome. They boasted that a battle would show on whose side was justice. "They have come," said Yuri, "but how will they leave us?" The feast ended by sending a message to Mystislav, stating that they were marching to Lipetsk and would receive battle, if there were forces to meet them. That same day, Mystislav assembled a council and accepted the challenge to meet for a life and death struggle, and all kissed the cross to obey him.

The allies feared Constantine's weakness, remembering that he had not come very promptly, that he had delayed at the outset, and might even now join his brothers. But Constantine gave the oath

asked of him, and was first on the battle-field. In his regiments [194]trumpet calls did not cease all that night, which was passed in alarm and preparations for battle. In the morning, however, it was seen that the princes who had challenged had evaded. Instead of being at the spot agreed upon for action Yuri and Yaroslav had moved in the night to another position. They had selected a place with a deep gully stretching in front of it, while near by was "Widow Hill." They had strengthened this camp with palisades, and their wagons. Mystislav and his allies occupied a height close to Yurieff. Constantine disposed his men toward Lipetsk. To get at the enemy now, Mystislav would have to cross the gully.

Yuri and Yaroslav, feeling safe at Widow Hill, did not think of fighting, no matter how Mystislav challenged. To reach the hill through the gully was impossible. So Mystislav sent three men to parley, and again proposed peace as an end to the quarrel. "If ye will not make peace, then come to the field, we will meet you; or if ye choose we will go to Lipetsk and ye can attack us." "We will not give peace, and we will not abandon our position," replied the two brothers. "Ye have crossed our whole land; can ye not cross this small gully?"

Mystislav commanded his men then to advance at all hazards. But no matter how he approached Widow Hill, he could not entice the two brothers to leave it. He then decided to march on Vladimir directly, and seize the town if possible. He commanded to raise the camp quickly. At once Yurieff Mountain was seething, and soon the army marched down, and moved off on the road to the capital. The Pskoff prince now joined the main body. But Constantine delayed yet at Lipetsk, where doubt and dissension seemed evident. He feared "the desperate move," as he called it. He said that his men were simple villagers, unaccustomed to battle; he feared that they might disperse on the march. It was better, he thought, to remain on

Yurieff Mountain. Mystislav answered with passion: "The mountain will give neither victory nor defeat! In the cross and in truth lies our triumph." Aided by his brother and cousin he at last convinced Constantine that it was necessary to march on Vladimir, and he commanded his forces to advance.

As soon as the regiments were moving on the road toward Vladimir, and before all had reached the road, a stir at Widow Hill was observed, and directly the army of the two brothers left its position. Both armies turned now toward the same side. [195] There was an encounter at Lipetsk. Mystislav halted and the men of Smolensk and of Novgorod faced the enemy. They stood without moving: Constantine was at Lipetsk on one flank, Mystislav with Novgorod warriors held the center; on the other flank was Vladimir, son of Rurik, with Smolensk men. Between him and the center was Mystislav's brother with Pskoff troops. The whole force of the enemy moved against them directly. Yuri and Yaroslav were confident and smiling. Yuri's warriors rushed straight at the Novgorod regiments, to whom Mystislav had said already: "Brothers, we have come to the heart of our enemy's country, and that enemy is powerful. If we flee, not a man of us will escape. Look not back in this battle. Forget homes, wives and children. Fight to the death. He who is not killed will be living. Hit hard! God is in truth, not in numbers. Forward like men! Hit hard! Forward on foot or on horseback, but forward!"

The Novgorod men remembered the fight of their great-grandfathers when they were led by the great-grandfather of Mystislav, and the blood rose in them. "We will not fight on horseback," said they. Steam was rolling now from the oncoming enemy. The Novgorod men threw off their boots and upper clothing and rushed to the fight with axes and clubs, vying with the men of Smolensk in their valor. Each man was bound to surpass every other, and no crowd of men would stay behind any other crowd.

The first standard cut down was a standard of Yaroslav; the second that fell was his standard also. The battle became very soon a great slaughter. The Pskoff prince stood at the side of his brother, and both watched the battle before them. All at once, Mystislav said to Vladimir: "May God not permit us to abandon good men," and he rushed to the combat. Through the whole mass of his warriors did he ride, encouraging them, saying that the moment for victory had come. He made his way through all the ranks to the front, took from his shoulders the cord securing his battle-ax and swinging the ax plunged, at the head of the warriors, into the thick of the fight. Men saw how he hewed to the right and to the left. His warriors followed him with desperate venom. In a short time the field was a scene of un pitying slaughter. Three times did Mystislav go back and forth through the ranks of Vladimir, cutting down men right and left with his terrible broadax. [196]The Smolensk prince and he of Pskoff broke through the ranks before them till they reached the camp in the rear, now abandoned by Yaroslav and Yuri.

Those princes, who had boasted of having a hundred warriors to one of Mystislav's, now found that for each one of Mystislav's men killed or wounded, ten or even more than that number had fallen on their own side. The groans of the wounded and the dying reached Yurieff from the battle-field, as the people said afterward; and of corpses on that field they counted nine thousand, not reckoning those borne away earlier.

Then the defeated fled, and all their camp fell to the victors. Mystislav forbade his men to touch anything. "Leave the camp," said he, "and finish the battle, or they will turn back and defeat you." The Smolensk men could not refrain from plundering, but the Novgorod warriors obeyed and rushed in pursuit of the enemy. Constantine was the first man to stop fighting; when the tide turned to his side he fought no longer. He pitied his brothers and did them no

subsequent injury. Their army was terribly defeated; whole regiments had been destroyed.

Both Yuri and Yaroslav fled without looking behind them, the first to Vladimir, the second toward Pereyaslavl Beyond the Forest. Yuri raced into Vladimir on the fourth horse; he had ridden to death the other three. He had thrown away on the road all his upper clothing, and even his saddle cloth. Yaroslav fled still more fiercely. He rode four horses till they fell, and reached home on the fifth. The wounded and maimed flowed into Yurieff and into every village around it. Many men were drowned in crossing rivers, others died on the road. Every man cursed Yaroslav as the one cause of evil; on him alone did they fix all the error.

When in Vladimir people saw from the walls a horseman rushing toward the city, they thought him a courier with glad tidings from their prince, but when he came nearer they recognized Prince Yuri himself, in shirt and trousers. "Strengthen the town! Strengthen the town!" shouted he, from a distance. Instead of joy, there was wailing. During all that night broken remnants of the army were coming in; some of the warriors almost dead, others wounded. If the victors had chosen to follow, neither Yuri nor Yaroslav, nor any other man, could have escaped them. They might have taken the city without resistance. But they remained [197] all the following day on the battle-field, and drew near Vladimir only in the morning on Sunday.

By agreement with Yuri, the citizens had closed the gates. When he had drawn breath and recovered his mind, he said to the people: "Let us keep the gates shut, brothers; perhaps we can stand a siege." "With whom can we stand it?" asked they. "Where are our brothers? Some are killed, some are captives, others have rushed in here naked and wounded. There is no one to work with us." "That is

true," answered Yuri, "but yield me not to Constantine, my brother, or to Vladimir or Mystislav. I wish of my own will to meet them." They promised what he asked.

The allies, seeing the city closed, as if for a siege, surrounded it. During the night between Sunday and Monday a fire broke out in the palace, and there was great uproar. The Novgorod men wished to attack, and were climbing the walls, when Mystislav stopped them. The fire was extinguished quickly, but a new fire burst out on Tuesday, two hours after sunset, and burned until daybreak. The Smolensk men rushed to mount the walls then, but were again forbidden. Yuri now sent a petition, saying, "Do not press me; I will come out to meet you to-morrow."

On Wednesday he went to the enemy, taking with him his two younger brothers, Vladimir and Sviatoslav. He bowed down to the victors, and said: "Brothers, I bow down to you, do not deprive me of life, and let that be with Constantine which pleases you."

Constantine was made Grand Prince, and all was arranged to receive him with triumph. To Yuri was assigned a small town near the Volga, whither he was to set out immediately. His wife and attendants went at once to the boats which had been prepared for the journey. People were greatly moved by the conduct of Simon, the bishop, who would not part with Yuri. He had shared the sorrows and joys of the prince all his life, and now he sailed down the Klyazma with him and his family. Before leaving for exile, Yuri took farewell of his parents. He bowed down and prayed at the grave of Big Nest, his father, and said, while weeping: "God is the judge of my brother. Behold to what Yaroslav has brought me." Afterwards he left in humility, no one appearing to note his departure. He went to the small town assigned him, to his "little town;" thus did he call the place of his exile without naming it. [198]

As for Yaroslav, he was not tamed by defeat and suffering. The second week after Easter the allies went to Pereyaslavl. Constantine appeared first. Yaroslav went forth, with great gifts, to meet him, and opened the gates, begging his brothers not to surrender him to Mystislav. Constantine, wishing to reconcile the two men, sent gifts to Mystislav from his brother, whose part he took most earnestly. Mystislav would not yield, but demanded his daughter, Yaroslav's wife, and took her with him. Afterward Yaroslav tried to recover the princess, but Mystislav paid no heed to his demands. Thus the quarrel between the sons of Big Nest ended in Constantine's triumph. He was installed in Vladimir immediately, while Yuri and Yaroslav were effaced for the moment.

A misfortune met Mystislav now: Vassili, his only son, died in Torjok, and was buried in Holy Sophia, near the tomb of his grandfather. Soon after this, Mystislav the Gallant left Novgorod. He promised to return, but this time, as appeared in the sequel, he parted with the city forever. As was usual before meetings, he had the Sophia bell sounded, and the people assembled thinking that they had been summoned for Novgorod business. But Mystislav bowed on three sides to all present, and took farewell of them solemnly. They could not credit his words: they had thought that he would remain in their city till his death. He declared then the cause of his going: "I wish to save Galitch." They implored him to stay with them, and all cried out that they would not let him leave Novgorod. "I shall never forget you," said Mystislav. "God grant me to lie down here at last near my father in Holy Sophia, but to-day I must go from you." And he left them.

Indeed it was time to remember the promise given Daniel, and avenge the shame wrought on them both by the Poles and Hungarians. If, when Roman was forced to leave Galitch, the Latin Church made Galicia a bishopric, it is easy to imagine what

happened under Koloman and Salomeye. When this youthful king and queen had been crowned in obedience to Rome, the Latin Church triumphed directly. Latin priests were installed, while the Bishop of Galitch and Orthodox priests were expelled from their churches on all sides. Mystislav now assembled Russian princes and roused them to this Galitch question. Mystislav, [199]the Kief prince, having lost the favor of Mystislav the Gallant, was unable to help him, but his other cousin, Vladimir of Smolensk, promised aid very willingly.

Mystislav then went to Khan Kotyan, his father-in-law, and obtained warriors from him. Daniel, son of Roman, was delighted to help in freeing Galitch.

But if Russian princes were preparing to fight for their Galitch inheritance, the men who had seized that inheritance were preparing to keep it. To Koloman came reinforcements from his father. Leshko, dividing his army into two parts, sent one to defend his young daughter in Galitch; the other he led to threaten Volynia. Depending on those princes in Galitch who did whatever he asked of them, Leshko and Bailski, his ally, threatened with these henchmen other princes, known allies of Mystislav. Bailski looked on Daniel as Mystislav's main ally.

Daniel and his brother would have moved at once to help Mystislav, since they were threatened earliest, but their possessions, both on the Polish and Russian side, were attacked by swift enemies. They were met at every point by evil neighbors, "all men were against them," as the chronicler informs us. "Save from God they had no aid from any one."

Mystislav waited for the Polovtsi; when they came he began action. His faithful friend and ally, Prince Vladimir, brought with him the promised warriors of Smolensk, and he and Mystislav then moved

against Galitch. But Daniel did not go with them. They received no word from him, for he was greatly occupied elsewhere. Daniel would have been troubled to count the toils and battles which he passed through at that time. With whom and where had he not struggled? In recent days his conflicts with Poles had increased. They roused the Yatvyags against him and against those Lithuanians who were under him. Daniel, defending these men, warred frequently in forests and wild regions belonging to their enemy. He met the Poles themselves among his Lithuanian subjects, whom the Polish princes tried to take from him through interference and intrigues. The Poles also attacked Daniel on the Būg, where he was forced to meet them, and through Bailz and Lutsk he met continual raids from Russian princes.

Only after Mystislav had come and triumphed, could Daniel [200]breathe with some little freedom, but till Mystislav appeared the first blows of Poles, and also of Hungarians, fell directly on him. Beginning with Benedict Bor, the famous harrier of people, Hungarian magnates were frequent visitors in Galitch. Ruling in the king's name, they differed little from that renowned Bor known as "Antichrist."

In the time now before us, the chief man near Koloman was Filni, a magnate whom the Russians nicknamed "Filya." Hungarian magnates in those days were famous for haughtiness, but Filya surpassed all Hungarians in this regard. Moreover, to this nickname was added another; he was called "Filya the Important." Of him people said, and this was stamped on his countenance, that he thought his equal was not on the earth, that he could embrace the whole world, and drink the whole sea up. It was known also that though his pride was unbounded, his mind was quite limited. When on a time Filya was warned before battle that his enemies were many and his strength insufficient, though as a rule he avoided

battle, he repeated, when moving his warriors: "A stone is but one; still it breaks many pots just by moving."

Koloman and Salomeya reigned in Galitch, but all things were managed through Filya, whose aids were traitorous boyars, of whom the chief man was Sudislav. These boyars wished to merge Galitch in Hungary, and were hated by common folk. "Sudislav the traitor, the disturber of the country," were the only words used to describe this man.

When news came that Mystislav the Gallant was marching, Filya and Sudislav made preparations to defend the city. Filya placed himself at the head of Hungarian and Polish forces, and put Sudislav in command of the Galitch men. He did not dream, in his confidence, that the enemy could come near the capital, still he took measures to meet a siege seriously. To show that in the building of fortresses he was not inferior to the celebrities of that day, he strove in every way to make Galitch impregnable. In doing this he roused the indignation of the Orthodox. He seized the cathedral, made it a fortress, and added a tower to it.

The excitement of the adherents of Hungary and Poland was extraordinary. Sudislav and his friends, in their rage at the man who was moving Russian regiments against them, declared that [201]Mystislav wanted to deliver all boyars to the Polovtsi, and settle the steppes with them. Their hatred for Mystislav was boundless, and, through the efforts of Poles, Hungarians, and their partisans among Russians, a venomous opposition was raised against him. He had marched half-way from the Dnieper to the upper waters of the Dniester and the San, when blood commenced to flow in Būg regions. At the opening of the war, Leshko promised Filya to protect the rear of the Polish and Hungarian troops, which, combined, seemed able to hurl aside Mystislav; and after that Filya was to

finish him. Leshko had undertaken besides to hold down Volynia, and not let it move to assist Mystislav.

Leshko entered Volynia territory and seized towns and cities. Daniel and Vassilko had work in plenty near their own capital. Konrad, more honest than Leshko, his brother, tried in vain to make him friendly to Daniel, and hostilities in Volynia continued. If they were not of greater violence, and even fatal to Daniel, it was because Mystislav's campaign was ended with one blow, and so quickly that neither Filya nor Leshko could foresee such a result. The Hungarian magnate had been deceived in the strength of his enemy, and only came to his mind when Mystislav was near Galitch. Then he and Sudislav hastened to lead forward their forces, and block the road to the gallant prince.

The place of meeting was a broad, rolling country, from the highest points of which all other high places were visible. On lower slopes, and in depressions between one round-topped high place and another, a commander might hide a whole army. Filya drew up his warriors and disposed them in two camps apart from each other. It seemed to him that no man could stand against this force. The Poles and Sudislav's regiments from Galitch were placed by themselves in one body. One of these forces was to meet the oncoming enemy on his right, the other on his left flank.

Mystislav, leaving in one of those deep depressions just mentioned his Polovtsi legions, moved forward against Filya. From a distance he saw that the Poles were too far to one side for their profit, hence he commanded Vladimir, his ally, to entice them away with his warriors, who were eager for battle, and while struggling with them to retreat toward the Polovtsi.

The Poles met Vladimir's men bravely, forced them back toward the ambush, and followed. Mystislav marched with chosen regiments

[202]and his personal following to the high place beyond which was Filya's position. Relying on the valor of his ally, whom he had tried against Yuri and Yaroslav, and on the great number of the Polovtsi who were placed in ambush, he seemed to abandon Vladimir and his men. The Poles followed the retreating Smolensk men toward the place where the Polovtsi were waiting, as Mystislav could see clearly. Right in front of Mystislav stood Filya. It was imprudent now to delay longer. Strengthening his army with the name of the holy cross, he rushed at the enemy. The battle was grievous, but Mystislav triumphed. The Hungarians were crushed, and Filya was captured.

When the Poles had driven Vladimir as far as they wished, and had seized many prisoners and much booty, they returned shouting victory. Not suspecting that Filya had been terribly beaten, they marched back rejoicing, but, instead of finding Filya in possession of the battle-field, they came upon Mystislav's warriors, who rushed at them savagely. Meanwhile Vladimir had turned, and with him came the Polovtsi. A great slaughter set in. The Polovtsi took captive all the Poles who were not slain, taking from them their arms and horses. But Mystislav's men touched no booty. Following the enemy, as they scattered in every direction, they slew without mercy. The whole field was covered with bodies, and the streams which ran through it were crimsoned with blood.

Mystislav stood before Galitch immediately, and demanded surrender, promising immunity to all. Filya, in spite of his impregnable fortress, sent a courier advising surrender. Since he himself had been beaten, he despaired of success through another. Mystislav repeated his summons three times, but with Koloman were leaders who would not surrender; they relied on the stronghold, and swore to endure to the end with their sovereign. Sending out all who could not fight, so that there should be no useless mouths in the city, they made ready for the siege.

Mystislav declared that from that hour there would be no mercy shown to any man, and he prepared to take Galitch by storm. The Hungarians were confident, and strengthened the gates of the city. That Mystislav was digging a tunnel under their stronghold they knew not, and that it was finished they only discovered one gloomy night when his warriors rose through the earth and cut down the guards at the gate, which they opened then to their comrades. [203]

At daybreak, Mystislav with his army was in Galitch. The leading Hungarians shut themselves up in the church, which Mystislav surrounded. They were unyielding; they threw stones and shot arrows, but at last they were captured. The magnates and their families, for whom immense ransoms were expected, and some of the higher Poles, were divided among the victors. Koloman, his queen, and Filya went to Mystislav. Sudislav, the artful, fell at Mystislav's feet, embraced his knees, wept, and swore that while living he would serve him most faithfully. Mystislav, knowing little of Galitch, and seeing the position which Sudislav held among boyars, not only left life to that traitor, but gave a good town to him.

The people magnified Mystislav now as the deliverer of Galitch; they called him the shining sun, the bright falcon. Their delight at being freed from foreign men seemed unbounded and heartfelt. When news came to Leshko of Filya's defeat, he immediately made peace with Daniel, and feigned immense love for him. Daniel wished now to see Mystislav, his father-in-law, so he hurried off quickly to Galitch. The delight of those two men was great. Not only were they avenged on Poles and Hungarians, but those enemies had been paid back a hundredfold, and were eliminated as rulers from Galitch. The Orthodox people said that God had given those two nations into their hands to punish the enemy for defiling His temple, which had been turned by them into a bastion of battle. The people did not forgive this "great sacrilege," as they called it.

Thus Hungarians and Poles perished in a land which they had planned to take from its owners. Many were killed in battle, others were taken prisoners, still others perished on the roads and in lonely villages. They died of hunger in forests, or were drowned in crossing rivers. People rose up and slew the invaders wherever they found them. Few escaped.

On losing his son, Vassili, Mystislav had no heir left. His youngest daughter was in tender years yet, his eldest daughter had married the son of Big Nest, Yaroslav, whom he held in his power; his second daughter, Anna, was the wife of Daniel, who, as heir to the great Roman, would have seemed the direct heir of Galitch. The people thought that land would surely go now to Daniel, but deceit and intrigue disappointed them. Not only in [204]Galitch but in Volynia there were falsehoods, conspiracies, and endless struggles.

Mystislav's victory changed the form, not the substance of the misery. Men now persuaded the prince to take Galitch himself, and Daniel was set aside promptly. At the prayers of Koloman's father, peace was concluded, and reports were sent out that Mystislav was to give his youngest daughter in marriage to King Andrei's second son.

Meanwhile in Volynia Bailski made war against Daniel. Daniel defeated his enemy, and was ready to give the last blow to him, when Mystislav commanded his son-in-law to withdraw and not trouble Bailski in future. Andrei and Leshko from having been enemies of Mystislav became his friends in appearance, but their friendship was more deadly to Russia than their enmity had ever been. Supported by Leshko and Mystislav, Bailski acquired so much influence that Roman's sons lost all the power they had won. Bailski made use of the open and unbounded confidence of Mystislav, who was a great man in battle, but short-sighted and incompetent as a ruler, and strove to persuade him to a direct war against Daniel. In

this he was aided considerably by Leshko, and though they failed at first, they succeeded later on. So neither Volynia nor Galitch gained anything from Mystislav's victory.

Forgetting for the moment all care touching Galitch, Daniel established himself firmly in his own place, which, notwithstanding the woes of that period, he served very sensibly. He took from Leshko the border lands that the Poles had attached to Mazovia. Though the profit of this winning did not seem much at the time, it proved very great in the sequel.

Brest was at first a border settlement of Russia, beyond which were the Yatvyags and the Lithuanians. In ruling those regions, the Russians did not quarrel with their Lithuanian neighbors. The Lithuanians had long been protected by Russian princes, to whom they paid a small tribute. The Poles, after seizing the country, acted differently and harshly with these people. When Daniel restored the places to Russia, the whole country breathed much more freely. All the elders, or, as the Russians called them, princes, sent solemn declarations of peace to Daniel, and thereafter he found in them faithful allies against Leshko. Those tribes had many relatives, both in the Baltic country and in Poland, who would help them when proper agreements were made. They [205]now aided Daniel against his Polish opponents, and with their assistance he carried on further struggles with Leshko. At this time there was a special movement among Lithuanian tribes, which till then had been quiescent.

When Mystislav the Gallant went to the South and did not return, the North ceased to think of him. There were no lasting results from his victories and exploits, either in Novgorod or Vladimir. Constantine, son of Big Nest, who had never been stalwart of body, died in 1217, shortly after he had taken the throne of Vladimir. He had made a friend of Yuri, his brother, and, when dying, committed

his children to Yuri, who after Constantine's death was again ruling prince in Vladimir. Yaroslav, while Prince of Pereyaslavl, continued to occupy Novgorod at intervals. He held Turjok as though it had been a part of Vladimir, and no matter what prince was acting in Novgorod, Yaroslav's hand never ceased to be felt there. The Novgorod men could not live without Yaroslav, or be content with him. At this time, to round out their troubles, their way to the sea was cut off by German knights, the Chuds (Fins), and Lithuanians, against whom they warred frequently. Yaroslav, in fighting with these enemies of Novgorod, went far into the country. He marched to places where no Russian prince had ever preceded him. [206]

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CHAPTER IX